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Story Writing for Girls

It has been my privilege for years to write books which I think girls appreciate, and I may say, honestly, that I find no work pleasanter to do, or in some ways easier in the handling. To judge from the many letters which, in response to these books, I receive from girls all over the world, I think what they need most is sympathy, some touch, difficult to define, which comes near their inner lives. They dearly like to feel that their favourite heroines have been placed in positions where they themselves might be: that their conflicts, failures, and victories might also have been their own.

It is a common saying that girls like boys' books best. Now, I do not agree with that statement. I think the girl honestly enjoys her own book, written for herself. She wants plot, plenty of it, peril, a keen sense of danger, real tangles in the life of her heroine and adventure and movement to any extent. But she does prefer the school scrape to hair-breadth exploits on the Rocky Mountains or in Thibet. The girls for whom I write love a naughty heroine, but she must be naughty in a certain way. She must never be sly or vindictive, and in the midst of her most serious scrapes she must always be fearless and above-board. Her faults must be those compatible with a true sense of schoolgirl honour. She must be as daring as she likes, and even a little imperative to her elders; but her heart must be warm, and she must be true to her friends. I find that, of all heroines, this is the sort most adored. She is quite real to the girls who read about her, and I am often asked with much interest where her place of abode may be, and if it would be possible to introduce the reader to her. Is she alive and in what part of the world is she now? In short, is her character taken from that of a girl I have known?

A few days ago I had an enthusiastic letter from a little reader who said that she believed she herself resided in the part of England where one of my small heroines was placed, and she said that one of her greatest pleasures was to stand at the end of a certain glade, down which she was quite sure the naughty heroine was fond of walking. Her adventures must have happened there. It was there she met the gypsies who worked such serious troubles for her. There she succumbed to the fascinations of extreme naughtiness. There also she repented. The child wanted to get the real name of this little heroine. There was a disappointment in telling such a reader that the girl in question had never lived except in my imagination, and had never in this life crushed the daisies under her feet, or walked with naughty thoughts in her head down any

glade. Nevertheless, in one sense she did live, for her young reader had endowed her with life.

I do not think there is any special rule in writing for girls, except—and here I particularly speak of young girls between the ages of twelve and seventeen—one must understand, first, their great enthusiasms—their longing for girlish friendship, and for any friendship which is in touch with their own; and second, their desire to know something of the writer who pleases them.

The old-fashioned story book, with its clearly expressed moral, has little chance of success in these days. If a moral is to be pointed, it must be successfully hidden behind the intricacies of the tale. The good and victorious heroine, and of course some heroines are both good and victorious, must point her own moral and preach her own sermon. The naughty heroine who repents, and turns from her wicked ways, also shows to all who read about her how nice it is to conquer one's faults and to come out victorious in the struggle between good and evil. It is never satisfactory to end a girl's book gloomily. The reader herself is full of hope, and everything possible ought to be done to add to her hope and to make her courageous in the fight. She cannot be too much assured that, in the long run, good will triumph and evil will fail. Above all

things, she wants to have borne in upon her that Love is the great Law of Life—Love both Eternal and Human—and that the more she loves, both her fellow-creatures and the God above, the greater and the happier she will be.

I think I may add that no readers are more delightful to write for than young girls, none more plainly and individually state their wants, their wishes and their hopes, their difficulties and disappointments. It is a joy to write about them, and for them; in short, to fight with them and for them to the end of the world.

L. T. MEADE.

Fiction Reviews

LETTERS HOME. By W. D. Howells. (Harper. 6s.)

THERE is, perhaps, no greater proof of a novelist's mastery of his art than the ability to tell a story convincingly in letters. It implies, in fact, a mastery of the most important condition of the drama, namely, that to the characters must be committed the whole task of explaining themselves. Mr. Howells diminishes his difficulty by making one of the writers himself, under the name of Mr. Otis Banning, and by confessedly endowing another with great literary

faculty. But the letters he attributes to Abner J. Baysley, with the pronouns shorn off the verbs, are as bluntly American as any that Mr. Howells himself refrained from writing, and the whole correspondence constitutes a charming contribution to literature. The story divulged is that of a young author who accidentally persuaded his landlord's daughter that he intended to marry her, when he was really enamoured of the daughter of The Cheese and Churn Trust. He is terribly humiliated, but no reader will deny that America Ralson was worth his abjection. "I would rather slave for him, scrub, cook, take in washing, and do plain sewing, than be queen of the Four Hundred," says this exuberant damsel to her paid companion, and she is so downright in her seizure of him that all other lovers seem to be of seccuries compact in comparison with her. The correspondence issues from New York, in which tormented city, as Mr. Binning-Howells opportunely reminds us and Mr. E. F. Benson, there is a park where the public feeds squirrels and Schiller's statue shelters lovers.

MINNOWS AND TRITONS. By B. A. Clarke. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

The great charm of this book about children, but not for children, is that the boys are all real flesh and blood boys, not paper and ink creations. No man who was ever a real boy can fail to find reminiscences of his own childhood in these brilliant stories. He will feel again the thrill of excitement with which he witnessed his first cricket match at Lords, and remember with a smile his own excursions into the land of make-believe, where there are jungles and outlaws, forts to be defended and opposing armies to fight. When we first make acquaintance with Claude he has just succeeded in catching a wild tortoise in a jungle six gardens away. His method of bringing the animal back to his own back-garden is to send the tortoise flying over each wall in succession, himself scrambling up the brickwork after it. It was certainly the only way he could convey him. The tortoise became the inspiration of many adventures. Like the real objects in the foreground of a panorama, it gave solidity to all the rest. But perhaps the character of the book is "Bunny" Ford, so called because of his enviable control over the muscles of his nose. Bunny is an orphan who lives on the charity of a bigger boy who sells papers. The chapter in which he cuts a piece of cloth out of a new suit belonging to a schoolfellow in order to patch one of his own small garments, and is visited in wrath by the schoolfellow's mother, is really fine. Nor do the parents and grown-ups form only a background for the doings of the children; their elders, if not presented so minutely, are painted in bold outline, yet are each distinct figures; the tritons are not forgotten in the company of the minnows. In a book otherwise so tersely and simply written it is a pity that the author sometimes allows himself a slight ambiguity, not we think because the thought is vague, but because the subject is to him so real and *known* that he occasionally forgets that the reader is not in a similar position. But these are only very small specks on a bright picture. A book that makes one long to be young again.

GRAN'MA'S JANE. By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen. 6s.)

NONE of our novelists stands closer to real life than Mrs. Mann, whose work is so uniformly interesting that it is easy to forget its solidity. And this novel has all the qualities associated with artistic greatness except that which makes certain masterpieces symbols as well as histories. With a minute and happy industry it traces the life of a Norwich lass, with degenerate relations, from her birth, about 1848, to the age of twenty. The inmates of the wine merchant's house, which is her home, are drawn with a skill which leaves caricature far behind while creating an impression of profound and tragic absurdity. When Jane's step-mother dares to taste mutton-dripping

in a cake made by a lady credited with fainting "at the smell of mutton-dripping," the scene is intensely comical, and yet has the pathos which muffles much human laughter. The wine-merchant's house offers a view of the hangings which the period of the story permits to take place in public, and the shadow of the gallows falls with natural austerity upon Mrs. Mann's pages. On its brighter side, the novel is a record of a love which clings to Jane even when her father is obviously guilty of murder. The scant graces for which this wretch is adored by his family are exhibited with quiet loyalty to truth by his dispassionate chronicler, who, in his mother, Jane's "gran'ma," gives a penetrating study of heroic devotion to the tradition of gentility.

RACHEL MARR. By Morley Roberts. (Nash. 6s.)

THERE are the materials for a really good book in this story, but Mr. Roberts has not succeeded in producing a really good book. It is, in a way, an affecting piece of work, but it is too strident, too hysterical, to leave the firm impression which is the result of contained art. The author has laboured too much, insisted too much, left too little to the imagination. The girl Rachel is excellently, even beautifully, conceived; she is a fine idea. Her innocence, her budding passion, her half-understood maternal instinct, are part of life; not, perhaps, as they manifest themselves in her, part of the life of an ordinary healthy girl, but true enough to her ardent type. It is her misfortune, she being a Roman Catholic, to love a sincere but narrow Wesleyan with a taste for preaching. In the conflict of these two strong natures lies the tragedy of the book, a tragedy of which Mr. Roberts spares us nothing. But it must be confessed that we weary a little of the perpetual gloom, the atmosphere of storm, the endless ejaculations. And occasionally there creeps in a note of the rankest melodrama, and occasionally, too, a note meretricious and unsound. The book, in a word, suffers from over-writing and a kind of unnatural turbulence.

Incidentally there is some admirable characterisation. An old drunken wastrel, full of a ripe and natural wisdom, is excellently done, and Mr. Roberts has touched in a dog faithfully and well. The wife of Rachel's lover we can hardly believe in; she is about the most unmotivated bit of vileness that we remember in English fiction. But the story is sincere and aims high, and now and then it arouses true emotion.

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From the Illustrated Edition of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" (see page 508).

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very far from approaching Mr. Murray's best work—such stories, for instance, as "Aunt Rachel" and "Despair's Last Journey." It is, indeed, more or less mechanical in construction and only one of the characters is really alive. Fortunately that character is the backbone of the story and is presented with knowledge and humour. Colonel Pemberton Benham, Verona's father, is a rascal of the deadliest kind, a sentimental rascal. He lies, forges, steals, and finally commits a murder to shield himself, yet through all manages to retain the affection of his daughters. The author achieves an unconventional ending which is something of a triumph, for he makes the brandy-sodden Colonel, in the incipient terror of delirium tremens, accomplish a deed of heroism which restores him to the world's good graces and he survives his misdeeds to die in the odour of sanctity. The other characters just serve their turn and no more; it is in the wicked old Colonel that the strong interest centres.

The manner of the story is good—easy, brisk, accomplished. We feel, however, that Colonel Benham was too good for a plot that turns upon familiar episodes. He would have served for the central figure of a more human comedy.

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her for love of her beautiful face but she will have none of them. In the end she plights her troth to her faithful lover, once King Richard's courtier, now beggared of house and lands and but lately in prison.

The writing is full of colour and feeling, the characters firmly drawn; altogether a work of considerable charm and ability. It is no easy matter to blow dead ashes into a living fire, but this Miss Converse has successfully accomplished.

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An illustration from "The Story of Susan."

afterwards marries her. "Susan had a constant desire for pleasure, and a quite contrary, yet perfectly reconcilable, desire to be good." Of course, Susan returns to her old lover in the end, and, her husband conveniently dying, she settles down in the little parlour behind the shop with her once Methodist, but now Church of England, husband. The end is hardly convincing, the transition of Martin from a severe rigid Calvinism to the creed of the English Church is too sudden, but then, poor, clinging, tearful, Susan could never be suffered to remain a widow. Some of the minor characters are drawn with considerable skill; while the descriptions of Methodist meetings are clever, if occasionally verging on caricature. A pleasant book with a well sustained interest. The numerous illustrations are by Paul Hardy.

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Mistress Mary. The ship shapes for New France, they land, and, like pioneers, push inland, with a few voyageurs, up the St. Lawrence to the great Lakes. They paddle westward for many days, singing merry snatches of canoeing songs, until they open out the Mississippi, and there they settle for a while, in a stock-house near an Indian village. The Iroquois raid them, and after many troubles they succeed in getting back to Quebec, where Mary Connynge runs away with a French lieutenant. John Law returns to Europe, to France, just as Louis Quatorze is being carried to the grave. He wins the ear of the Prince d'Orleans, starts a bank that succeeds beyond his hopes, and meets Lady Knollys once more, who refuses to marry him. The French Government take over the bank, and make of the Mississippi land (New France) the sort of bait that was made of the South Sea in England. In a little while, when scrip has been issued for four times the amount of the national wealth, the bank breaks, and John Law collapses both physically and financially. Lady Knollys steps in, and the book ends, as it should, with two lovers looking at each other at short range. Some of the tale is written in the false jargon of the historical romance, though most of it has distinction. The author has a clever way of handling novel-sounds, as in "vast vi-tas of green savannas." The wild Indian chapters are the best. They contain these two proverbs: "There must always be one trail from which one does not return," and "Never was land so good but there was better just beyond." The tale fascinates, but the illustrations were just as well away.

THE SILVER SPOON. By Major Arthur Griffiths. (White. 6s.)

The sub-title of this book is "The Adventures of a Young Gentleman in Society." The hero is first discovered entertaining a party of the *demi-monde* in a Monte Carlo restaurant, and it is, for the most part, in such society that the story moves until about half-way through the book, when we find ourselves in an English rectory.

It is to be presumed that Major Griffiths's readers are of those who seek rather for brisk adventure than for psychology in the construction of a story, and who require of a denouement that its appeal shall be moral rather than aesthetic. This being on the whole a robust and wholesome point of view, neither they nor the reviewer will complain of the swift conversion of the dissolute hero by the clergyman who had responded to his advertisement for a "tutor to give whole tine," or of the coincidence by which the clergyman's sister-in-law proves to be none other than the girl who had put an end to the pigeon-

shooting at Monte Carlo. In this generation it is perhaps only writers like Major Arthur Griffiths who are to be credited with the courage, in such matters, of writers like Charles Dickens.

To a more critical eye the author's out-and-out blackguards, of which there are not a few, will probably have more of the air of reality about them than the hero, although considerably less engaging from the moral point of view. But to those who seek in fiction the qualities that have long distinguished the author of "The Rome Express," there will, in any case, be plenty of entertainment in "The Silver Spoon."

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An illustration from "Minnows and Tritons" (see p. 500).

of my pultun did." After various adventures he succeeds in joining Havelock's forces, and marches with this little army to the relief of Lucknow. He has the joy of rescuing the woman he loves, who is shut in there. The love interest is not the strongest part of the story, but the gradual growth of love—between the man and the woman, amidst hardships and dangers, is feelingly and prettily drawn. Full of real soldiers and living men and women.

MISS PETTICOATS. By Dwight Tilton. Illustrated by Charles H. Stephens. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

AN industrial town on the coast of New England is the scene of the leading incidents in this brisk story, whose attractive coloured illustrations give it quite a holiday air. Mr. Tilton is frankly sensational. "Miss Petticoats" blossoms from a mill hand into a French countess in her own right and plunges into finance in order to ruin a lady killer whom she believes to have slandered her. So much might indicate that the story was merely made up according to a prescription. This, however, is not the case. It contains some excellent and picturesque passages. Capital is the talk of the old salts on board "The Harpoon," the hulk where Miss Petticoats and her grandfather live. Capital, too, is the description of the study of the muscular parson who loves her. "Fish hooks for bookmarks in the Concordance," deserves a lady who waits there and we applaud a touch which at once separates him from the other clerical athletes of fiction. The warm heart of romance thrills at that scene where a coachman restrains him in a moment of righteous wrath in order to perform with his whip the task coveted by the clergyman's fist. In these days of ironic fiction Mr. Tilton's brusque method with villainy is engaging.

JUDGMENT. By Alice Brown. (Harper Bros. 3s. 6d.)

THE psychological side preponderates in this book. The reader is forced to sympathise with the sufferings of a hyper-sensitive woman, although he knows full well that the fundamental hypothesis is faulty, and that the conclusions are not inevitable. The story is of a man's past, a wrong done, some old love letters, and a blackmailing mother. The action moves with the precision of the theatre till the last act is reached, and then the reader is left in doubt as to the issue. Maybe when one is engaged to an innocent girl that the sudden appearance of a blackmailer demanding ten thousand dollars as "just dues" has its disadvantages; but the price is a long one for a bundle of letters, when their utmost disclosure is the fact that there was another woman, wronged perhaps, but certainly dead.

Besides, will the payment of the money really do the trick? The father of the young man engaged does not set store by compromise; he will deal out justice with the sword of God; but he is a wasteful swordsman and will cut off more heads than one at a blow. "He knows nothing of women, and the way women care for men," &c., &c. The young man's sister thinks the situation "tawdry," and counsels fight. But she is over-persuaded. She listens to her stepmother, and in solemn conclave, by the lamplight, their sounder judgment is warped. "They thought of Rosamond, and their blood cools; this business of the letters must not be contested while innocence stands in the background."

And so the situation drifts. The young man is cabled for, but before he arrives the truth has to be told to the betrothed girl. She learns the story. She learns that the one she loves so well "has bruised the thing he should have cherished." And in that sharp moment life together seems impossible, and "all her spiritual allegiance made her demand the right of expiation." This sentence leaves one in doubt as to its meaning. It sounds unkind. Whether they live happily or not ever afterwards is not stated. The story ends.

MUSK OF ROSES FROM THE EGO BOOK OF DELIA WYCOMBE.
By Mary L. Pendered. With a Frontispiece by Edith M. Hinckley. (Cassell. 6s.)

CULPEPPER and romance make a pleasing mixture as purveyed by Miss Pendered. We are to picture a retired singer, whose piano-god is Liszt, married to an abnormally honest gentleman-farmer who is capable of going to sleep during her performances and of retiring to eat beef from an Arcadian feast including a salmagundi and a salad of sorrel and dandelion leaves. The experienced reader would not ask the presence on the scene of a sensual young musician and a passionate peer to augur ill for such a pair. But Miss Pendered so persuades us of the charm and courtesy of her farmer and the fascination of his clear morality and physical strength that we accept ungrudgingly a happy end to the one perilous situation in the story. What with making her diarist "Jerk a Poim" (as Artemus Ward has it) when she is out of sorts, and with numbering a minor poet among her admirers, Miss Pendered has found scope in her novel for a Muse of some prettiness. She should beware, by the way, of diluting the language of grief with poeticism. A woman appealing to God from a sense of unrequited passion would hardly ask Him for "the musk of blown roses."

THE STRONGER CLAIM. By Alice Perrin. (Nash. 6s.)

In this impressive story by the wife of an Indian official, we have a document embodying and excusing the tremendous prejudice which exists in India against Eurasians. The case of the Eurasian woman was rendered with extraordinary pathos a while ago in a novel called "Poor Elisabeth." Mrs. Perrin gives us the Eurasian man and convicts him of irresolution at a time when decisive action is of great importance. Paul Vereker is his name, and he goes to England as a little boy, to return superficially Anglicised, married, and a civil servant. Mrs. Perrin rather arbitrarily appoints him to a station where all his disreputable Eurasian kindred are ready to claim him, but she might have left India by itself to discover and, as it were, expose him. We are made to feel very strongly the gulf between the matter-of-fact British temperament and the mystery-loving Indian's and the inexorable repulsion of white by black. Under the spell of a capable writer, we glance charily at Paul's nails; we listen with suspense lest we hear from his lips the chi-chi accent; we are in the thrall of a prejudice older than the Conqueror. Paul's English wife, with superbly unconscious insolence, asks: "Are these people or natives coming along the road?" and in a moment all the tragedy of India as a nation is explained. It is proper to add that Mrs. Perrin is sympathetic both with India and with Paul.

LADY ANNE'S WALK. By Eleanor Alexander. (Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d.)

THE authoress avows herself an inexperienced writer and her book neither has nor pretends to have a plan. Its plan, in fact, is to have no plan, to wander at its own sweet will. Sometimes she gives you a sketch from legendary history, sometimes a sketch of the simple Irish life around her. The latter sketches are the better, for she has a pleasant sense of humour, and a woman's sympathy with homely things and people, besides a good eye for character. It is, indeed, at its best, gentle, womanly chat about her personal surroundings and experiences, with a pleasant sentiment, perhaps a little bordering on sentimentality—the kind of thing which would be intolerable from a man, but comes agreeably, because natively, from a woman. And, to her credit, she defends the Irish "bull," which she truly says is no blunder, but a witty exaggeration of fancy. Her book is very readable.

Short Notices

A MAN'S MIRROR. By Emily Pearson Finnemore. (Cassell & Co. 6s.)

HERE we have that not uncommon combination in novels, two men and a woman. The woman marries in order to assist her relatives a man who is wealthy but not a gentleman, all the time loving another. Soon after the marriage the husband is stricken with blindness; the remainder of the story deals with her devotion and growing affection for the man whose affliction only serves to bring out his sterling qualities.

THE LOVE-THIRST OF ELAINE. By S. J. Adair-Fitzgerald. (Greening. 6s.)

The author of "Fame, the Fiddler" calls his new book "a melodramatic story." The main situation is that the hero, a young man who had become famous as the composer of a musical comedy, was unjustly convicted of forgery and imprisoned at Dartmoor, from which he effected his escape. In the earlier chapters the author describes the Bohemian side of literary and artistic life in London, with which he has already shown himself to be familiar. The hero is the victim of a conspiracy set on foot by the villain of the piece, who was his rival in the courtship of Elaine, and the story works up to a melodramatic denouement in a chapter entitled "The Truth at Last."

THE BOY, SOME HORSES, AND A GIRL. By Dorothea Conyers. (Arnold. 6s.)

"A TALE of an Irish trip," by the author of "The Thorn Bit." It opens at an English country house, where we find three men standing at an open French window and discussing, from the huntsman's point of view, the landscape, which is nothing but "plough, plough, varied by woods. Bah!" A latter from a cousin who has gone to Cahirciveen with his regiment suggests the idea that they shall migrate to Ireland for the winter. The book has all the rollicking humour which we are accustomed to find in Irish hunting stories, and closes with the engagement of "the boy."

THE BLACK FAMILIARS. By L. B. Walford. (James Clarke. 6s.)

THIS is yet another story of the Elizabethan period, so beloved by novelists. It is the early days of Elizabeth's reign, and the Delavels of Delavel Castle are Catholics, and for this reason in bad odour. Lady Delavel schemes with the aid of the priests to be rid of her one remaining child, Katherine, in order that she may be sole mistress of her husband's lands, and the vicissitudes of Katherine, and her ultimate triumph over her ambitious mother, occupy many pages. There is some clever writing in the book, but the story lacks real interest.

THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX. By Henry Harland. (Lane. 6s.)

OF the story itself it is not necessary to speak, for it has long since obtained a firm footing in popular favour. But of the new guise in which it appears a few words may be said. This new edition is illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst with a number of full-page drawings, and head and tail pieces, all excellent in style and really illustrative of the tale. The drawing reproduced (p. 502) will show how truthfully the artist has worked, the effect of sunshine through trees being admirably expressed. The type and printing are good and the cover striking.

THE BAYSWATER MIRACLE. By Frank Richardson. (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.)

THE miracle is effected by means of a magic ring, which given to anyone effects a change of souls. Frederick Robinson places it on the finger of his betrothed, the daughter of a prosperous Jew, and immediately the exchange is made. The story inevitably suggests Mr. Anstey's "Vice Versa," only instead of a man and boy changing places, a man and woman do so. This is the pivot on which endless complications are made to turn. The book is written in a spirit of joyous farce.

LEONORA. By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

PROSAIC commonplace life in the pottery-making town of Bursley is again the subject of Mr. Bennett's work. We have the same atmosphere, the same minute delineation of every-day life, but a different heroine. Leonora has reached the age of forty. "She was not too soon shocked, not too severe in her verdicts, not the victim of too many illusions." She is the wife of a rather vulgar manufacturer, and is the mother of three grown-up daughters, yet she dreams of romance and illicit passion. This

she finds in the person of a prosperous American, and her husband dying in the nick of time, she is saved from anything more startling than marriage. There is undoubtedly ability in the book, such as we should expect from Mr. Arnold Bennett, but the record of the trivial, the delineation of the commonplace, demand the touch of genius.

THE CRUCIBLE. By A. F. Slade. (Nash. 6s.)

A LONG and conscientious novel in two books, with a prologue and an interlude. In the first chapter we find two sisters of curiously diverse temperament, the one something of a rebel, very much given to speaking her mind, and the other a conventional young woman who desires above everything a reputation for amiability. The interest of the story is wholly domestic, and the narrative is of that old-fashioned, deliberate kind, which perhaps a more feverish generation will describe as "long-winded." It is, however, unquestionably healthy in tone, and that is a quality for which in modern novels we too often seek in vain.

THE RIVER OF VENGEANCE. By Philip Laurence Oliphant (Arnold. 6s.)

The chief characters of this story are a fierce and intractable Russian nobleman, "Lord of Lithuanian Castle in the Government of Novgorod," his wife, whom he had met as an American girl in Paris, and a young Englishman who had been intended for the diplomatic service, but had settled down as a country squire in the village to which the Princess fled for refuge from her husband. The story opens in Russia with a well-managed episode which leads to the flight of the Princess with her jewels. In England the interest is well sustained, and the book shows, indeed, a decided advance on the author's first novel, "The Little Red Fish."

THE YELLOW HOLLY. By Fergus Hume. (Digby Long. 6s.)

THE quiet Bloomsbury boarding-house, an asylum for decayed ladies and superannuated clerks, which is the scene of the first chapters of this story, hardly seems an apt environment for those deeds of crime and mystery which Mr. Fergus Hume's readers have by this time learned to expect in his novels. One is not required to read many pages, however, in order to find that the hand which fashioned "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" has by no means lost its cunning. The first note of sensationalism comes with the murder of the landlady who had rejoiced in the euphemism of "paying guest" for her boarders. The book then assumes the character of an exciting detective story in the author's well-known manner.

THE KEY OF PARADISE. By Sidney Pickering. (Arnold. 6s.)

A ROMANCE of the Revolution period, by the author of "Verity." The meaning of the title becomes clear in the first chapter when we discover Valeria, on the last day of her childhood, awaiting the arrival of Prince Derelis, whom she has never seen but to whom she has already been affianced by her parents. An old servant tells her of the Paradise and of the way which seems so simple. "One has only to love with the great love and to be loved with the great love in return." The scene of the story is in Italy, at one of the most interesting and disastrous periods of Italian history.

GENERAL GEORGE: A STORY OF THE CHOUAN CONSPIRACY. By Moreton Hall. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

A NAPOLEONIC novel covering the well known period 1803-4, and including a rather fine word-picture of the nomination of the First Consul as Emperor of the French. General George is General Cadoudal, the Chouan Chief, who is strongly, if somewhat melodramatically, drawn. Plenty of plotting, a little love-making, and not enough fighting, but nevertheless a very readable novel. The local colour seems to have been thoroughly well studied.

GOD'S SCHOLARS. By Charles Fielding Marsh. (Arnold. 6s.)

A COUNTRY tale of the Yarmouth coast, mostly in dialect. A good deal of observation and quiet humour. The book begins with a sentence of 131 words, which is ominous. There is an excellent description of a thunderstorm; and Butch and Deborah Debbage are a couple of striking portraits. On the whole a good book, worth careful reading.

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Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

I.—On Private Opinions

WHEN a man has expressed himself on a given subject, with every sign of warmth, candour and conviction, it is the custom for some intimate friend to draw him aside, and ask gently: "But what is your private opinion of all this?" The man will gaze into the eyes of his friend, and contradict, by that glance, all he has previously declared. His friend will then feel re-assured, and later, at their leisure, the two will exchange, if they are fond, as much truth as human beings seem able to articulate—even to their dearest, most trusted loves. There must be some reason for this psychological phenomenon—which is so ordinary that it is seldom observed. The private opinion, moreover, is regarded as a sacred belonging—as sacred as a secret prayer or an unconfessed attachment, but whereas a prayer is called by scoffers superstitious, and an untold attachment may be mocked as a piece of fine sentiment, the private opinion is universally allowed to be the robust right of every normal reasoning being. There is, even to the cynical, no nonsense, no hypocrisy in the reserved idea; that is what one really thinks: that is what the departing soul would, if it could, proclaim to a generation still embodied in the flesh. It may be an instinctive belief in a hard dogma; it may be no more than a doubt about some legendary excellence: I have heard, for instance, of a second wife whose penultimate utterance on earth was:—"Can that all have been Emily's own hair? Such wads and mountains!" Her husband replied that he had seen it hanging in braids down Emily's back. "I suppose you know," were the wife's last words, "that one can tie on braids." She had studied in silence her predecessor's portrait, by Millais, for fifteen years, and she had yielded to none in her spoken tributes to Emily's chestnut chignon. This particular private opinion, while

it was honest, may not have been welcome to the lady's relatives, but, as a rule, the secret criticism is accepted by every hearer with delight, and it seems curious that there should be such a general reluctance to reveal thoughts which, once owned, are nearly always found to be in harmony with common sense. Common sense, in fact, owes its very strength and authority to the accumulated private opinions of mankind. Still, although one may be warned that this and the other is contrary to common sense, or, fortified by the recommendation that common sense is in one's favour, common sense in itself remains undefined, and unascertainable. "What is all this about *geist*?" asked an uncouth, much adored person who knew nothing of the Time-Spirit or German metaphysic. The question, because of its frankness, was a flicker contributed to the better illumination of men's two paths—the broad as well as the narrow, for it is a mistake, many find, to assume that all the sunshine and most of the apparent certainty in stepping is among the sinners. The ungovernable charm of sinners so named lies, no doubt, in their willingness to speak out. This makes them enticing company, and often a man is blamed for mixing with disreputable associates when it is not their wickedness at all but their candour which calls to him. But the candour is not perhaps about the best things in life, so the instruction gained is partial only and the light thrown does not go far. Gentle souls study poetry for some corroboration of their private ideas, and they may conquer their reticence so far that they will under-line the passages rather near those which they feel the most. But the boldest among people who deserve to be called good—in the vigorous sense—will seldom be quite sincere.

Perhaps this is why obscurity is still considered distinguished in philosophical writings, and a merit in a poem. It ought to be called the eternal hinderer.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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The Novel of Conversation

THE novel of conversation is of all novels the most difficult to write and the most difficult to read.

It is the most difficult to write, because without the inestimable aid of descriptions of character and of scenery it is not easy, however brilliant the conversation may be, to paint portraits and convey atmosphere. If a novel does not convey character and atmosphere and present portraits the butter-tub is its place.

It is necessary, too, in the novel of conversation, to leave much to the imagination of the reader. The average reader has mighty little. It is better to give him the fullest details. He prefers the guide always at his elbow. He hates to be obliged to use his intelligence. He rightly looks upon reading as a relaxation, not an impost.

The novel of conversation is, also, a novel without a plot, and to the average reader a novel without a plot is like soda water without whiskey.

It is most difficult to read because it is breathless and because "nothing happens." If it is dull conversation, there is no excuse for the existence of the novel. If it is brilliant it exhausts the average reader. There is nothing he dislikes so much as brilliance. He thinks the author is making fun of him. He generally accuses him of immorality. Yet in the novel of conversation there must be no dull moment, notwithstanding the fact that it is for the dull moment that the average reader looks to enable him to gather his second wind.

Wherefore it may be assumed that the novel of conversation, being the most difficult to read and the most difficult to write, is the novel not to be published.

That, obviously, is absurd.

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But, one is told, it is by no means the most popular of Mr. Kipling's books. This is the more difficult to understand because the average reader, in choosing a new book, runs quickly through its pages to see whether there is "lots of conversation."

Wherefore, it may be assumed that although the average reader likes lots of conversation, he does not like the novel of conversation.

This, also, is absurd.

Re-read any of Dumas's stories. These books reek of conversation—conversation that is neither brilliant nor life-like—conversation in which there is no attempt to

convey character or atmosphere—conversation that is, on the face of it, thrown in to fill up the required number of pages.

The Marquise suddenly meets the Count de la Listen to them.

"Ha!"
"Ha."
"It is fine weather."
"Yes?"
"You don't think so."
"Oh yes."
"It will be a fine night."
"Perhaps."
"A fine night is necessary."
"Again perhaps."
"You saw her, the Countess?"
"Yes."
"Did she see you?"
"She saw me."
"That was unwise, my dear Count."
"She did not see *me*, my dear Marquis."

"I understand. That is well."

"Or ill."
"Did she speak?"
"She spoke."
"Much?"
"Much."
"And she said?"
"Nothing."
"Bah."
"Bah."

(Or words to this effect.)

Nevertheless Dumas still commands a large sale. He is greedily read by schoolboys; he is devoured by youths and maidens; he is re-read with eagerness by men and women.

Wherefore it may be assumed that the average reader, who likes lots of conversation, does not like the novel of conversation unless the conversation is utterly commonplace.

Q.E.D.

COSMO HAMILTON.

The Provincial Reader

It is a curious, though I think not a new, characteristic of English literature that it is, for the most part, pure Cockney. Especially is this so with the modern novel and with most contemporary criticism. Now and again some new writer, with the fresh country breezes playing about his heart and rustic phrases breaking down the barriers of conventional English, gives us a work refreshing in its original simplicity. But in a little while he too is sucked into the whirlpool of the metropolis, and he learns to look at life from the London point of view. His knowledge, his language, his opinions and ideals, his whole spirit becomes permeated with the London atmosphere. His novels have now an unmistakable brand. They are "made in London."

These novelists, who write from the London point of view, address themselves to a public who are able to take their outlook upon life from the same platform and through the same atmosphere. They seem never to realise that there is a great reading public which knows nothing of London, or very little; which is entirely ignorant of its characteristics and ideals, and which has but a vague and far-off understanding of those thousand and one little subtleties of thought and speech and manner and social usage which are part of the very instinct of the Londoner.

I was indeed astonished to find, during a recent sojourn of some length in the North of England, how great a difference there is between the provincial reading public and that of London. These northern people, whom I came to know with some intimacy in many ranks of life, are omnivorous novel-readers, but they approach modern fiction with an entirely different motive to the Londoner's. They do not read a novel merely for the entertainment and amusement to be derived from it, to while away a spare hour or two in an agreeable manner, or to take their thoughts away from the toil and troubles of the day—which, as far as my own experience goes, are the inducements towards fiction in London circles—but these provincial readers take up a novel as a serious study, to be read for its instruction and for its influence upon thought and character.

London to the great majority of people in the provinces is a place of mystery, full of strange characters, strange vices, strange ways of speech and manner. It is enveloped with the glamour of romance. Above all, it is the headquarters of that Society which includes the old aristocracy of birth and the new aristocracy of wealth, whose names and doings are chronicled in the newspapers, but whose

real personalities are far removed from the sphere of experience in which the provincial reader lives and thinks.

The latter in his rather narrow environment—a narrowness begot by traditions of strenuous work, of the sinfulness of pleasure, and of the unnecessary element of beauty in everyday life—has a yearning to know something of the larger life and to get in closer touch with those problems of national existence which are being ground in the crucible of public opinion, which has its headquarters in the capital. But, above all, the provincial reader is almost painfully anxious to get a true and accurate insight into the social life of London, which he feels is so different, so much more complicated, so much more full of mystery, romance, and temptation than that of his own small town or village.

He therefore goes to the modern novel as a means of enlightenment in these things. And he takes our modern fiction very seriously! A new novel by Mr. Hall Caine comes to him as a revelation. Miss Marie Corelli's latest work stirs his thoughts into a turmoil. But he is constantly being puzzled, shocked, baffled, distracted. Every new novel he reads gives him a different impression and uproots an old conviction. At the end of it all he has but strangely blurred and distorted ideas of London and its society, exaggerating both its virtues and vices, and giving the poor old city credit for much more passion and sentiment and intellect and emotion than now belongs to her in her *blase* senility.

The Londoner, even if he be one of a very humble class, is not so much affected by the glamour of rank and fashion. It is more familiar to him. He sees it at close quarters every day of his life. He knows how very ordinary are those mortals dignified by high-sounding titles. He has seen them lounging in club windows and strolling in the park. He has served them over the counter, or attended them at their houses, and perhaps sat next to them on omnibuses. He knows them to be flesh and blood not so very different from himself, their lives are not shrouded in any mystery for him. But the provincial has an awe for title and fashion in spite of any democratic prejudice, and he loves the glitter and tinsel of those novels which profess to tell the secrets of Society. The Londoner reads, and smiles while he reads, enjoying the wit, yielding to the excitement, interested in the characters of the novel. But he is quite conscious all the time that the whole thing is unnatural and imaginary. Nor does he care, often being all the better pleased if the novelist gets far away from nature in his

search for the wonderful. Not so the provincial reader. He is deceived into thinking that the novelist is sincere in his purpose and truthful in his art, and thus thinking he looks upon modern fiction not as a means of recreation but as the basis of his philosophy of life and the source of his aspirations and ideals.

If novelists but realised their power over the provincial mind, it might induce them to strive more after the faithful portrayal of contemporary life and manners rather than to strain their imagination in the pursuit of eccentricity. Thus not only would literature be raised to a higher level, but it would, as it should do, have a nobler influence upon the life of the people.

PHILIP GIBBS.

The Mainspring of Fiction

THE facts to be explained are common property; that of the making of novels there is no end, that almost everyone reads them, that Mr. Carnegie's wealth is largely expended in supplying them through free libraries to the most numerous classes in the community, that there is no essential distinction between the novel and the short story, or between the short story by Kipling or Bret Harte and the penny dreadful, and that the teller of stories has been appreciated in all generations and at all ages of each generation. With all these facts we may correlate the evidence of one's ears, that "he" or "she"—according as whether the speaker be woman or man—is the main topic of conversation in the street, and that the person who does not dearly love a piece of gossip is scarce almost to vanishing point. The novel, the short story, the drama, and an enormous proportion of conversation amongst great and small, young and old, are concerned with what this or that person did, does, or is going to do.

One simple and all-sufficient psychological fact underlies all these phenomena; and that is the love of personalities. It is simply universal in its distribution, and it is almost universal in its influence. Besides producing these forms of art and conversation, and being the cause that produces biography, it profoundly affects, for instance, our conception of history. As at present taught, history is simply a record of personalities and their doings. That one or other king "died of eating too many lampreys" is a historical fact, as history is at present conceived. And the feats of a Cæsar or Napoleon, and the matrimonial tergiversations of a Henry, practically constitute—when the instances are sufficiently multiplied—the history that most of us learned at school. It was simply an application of the love of personalities. The same thing holds in politics; so that a politician may go about, let us say, proving himself ignorant of the first principles of a subject and incapable of reasoning upon what he is under the delusion of thinking to be data, yet a certain number of people will follow him because the love of his personality draws them on.

The mainspring of fiction, then, is really one of the most potent factors in life. For reasons which it is not difficult to imagine, it is natural for us to prefer talking about people to talking about things, and reading about people to reading about anything else that words can express. Of course the proper study of mankind is man, as the poet says. It is true that last century will be remembered whilst the race endures for proving that the only way to understand man is by the study of the Universe which has produced him, but still the truth remains that man is the end of all high and worthy study. Therefore even he who believes that the reading of fiction represents a stage in the development of the human mind, or who agrees with Spencer that you form a pretty fair estimate of a person's intellect by observing the proportion of generalities to personalities in his conversation, may

nevertheless agree that the universal interest in personalities—whether in the flesh, or in a history book, or on the stage, or in the personal paragraphs column of the newspaper, or even in the pages of the "Egoist"—is not a thing to be sneered at, or a thing which we may expect one day to overcome; as a matter of fact, one cannot conceive of society as existing without it. It is an inevitable concomitant of that sympathy and community of interest without which societies are impossible.

And who shall pass a verdict on the desirability of a mental trait—this love of or interest in personalities—which may show itself in the abominable tittle-tattle of a smoking-room or boudoir, and yet is essentially one and the same with the force that impelled the observant genius of Shakespeare to depict a Iago or a Hamlet?

C. W. SALEEBY.

Theodor Mommsen

THE great literary historians of the nineteenth century are passing away, and with them, we are inclined to fear, the age of the literary historian altogether. Macaulay, Carlyle, Froude, Freeman, Lord Acton, Lecky, have joined the "choir invisible."

Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence,

and now we have to record the death of Theodor Mommsen, which took place at Berlin on November 1 at the ripe age of eighty-five.

Mommsen was both politician and historian. With his political career we shall not here concern ourselves. Most persons know how he supported the Revolution of 1848, and was consequently dismissed from his chair of jurisprudence at Leipzig University; how he vehemently attacked France at the time of the Franco-German War; how he sat in the Reichstag as deputy for Cottbus-Spremberg-Calau from 1873 to 1882, first as a member of the National Liberal party, and later joining the Liberal Union; how in 1882 he attacked Bismarck in a speech and was tried for libel and acquitted; how he then retired from politics, his one relapse being his aggressive utterances against our policy in South Africa during the late war.

But the great Mommsen is Mommsen the historian, and it is of him we propose to say a few words. Of Danish stock, he was born at Garding—his father was a Lutheran pastor—in Schleswig, November 30, 1817. He went first to the Gymnasium at Altona and then to Kiel University. His studies there completed, he was commissioned by the Berlin Academy to make researches into Roman inscriptions on the spot, spending three years in France and Italy. In 1858 he was appointed to the chair of ancient history at Berlin University. He turned his attention to Roman inscriptions. At first older scholars looked with disfavour on the young man who employed the novel method of arranging inscriptions by geographical regions instead of by categories, but before many years had passed, the Berlin Academy adopted that system without reserve, and selected Mommsen to do the editing. His great work, the "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum," begun under the auspices of the Academy in 1863, and still in progress, was the result. He was soon treated as a master, not only in Germany, but abroad, and was received with great deference at the Tuilleries by Napoleon III. and the French scholars who were preparing the life of Julius Cæsar. In 1893 he was appointed perpetual secretary of the Berlin Academy.

His work touched every side of the science, if we may so call it, of Roman Antiquities: law, history, philology, epigraphy, numismatics, he was, as Freeman said, master of them all. Every time he handled a question, if he did

not, as was usual with him, break entirely new ground, he invariably added some fresh element. Indeed, he astonished all by the universality of his knowledge, and by a spirit of activity that age could not quell.

His greatest work is indubitably the "Römische Geschicht," published at intervals from 1854 to 1885 in five volumes, of which the fourth volume has not yet seen the light. The third volume ends with the battle of Thapsus, the fifth treats of the Roman provinces from Caesar to Diocletian. Mommsen's reason for publishing the title volume before the fourth was that other works existed that could fill that particular gap, whereas no comprehensive survey of the provinces of Imperial Rome during that period was available.

In treating the early history of Rome, Mommsen neglected the old traditions and made no attempt to reconstruct a series of facts about the early Roman kingdom. He tried to form an idea of the primitive peoples of Italy and the beginnings of Rome by an analysis of religion and an examination of languages, in fact he substituted scientific methods for hypothetical conceptions. All his facts are presented in a more or less personal way. He takes sides for and against, and makes a hero of Julius Caesar in much the same way as Macaulay did of William III. Mommsen has been severely blamed for this kind of hero-worship, but let us not forget that it lends light and colour to history, and makes a study of that subject a joy for the average man instead of reducing it to a science only suited to the serious student. With all his partiality, Mommsen will be found to be as hostile to the democratic government he judges dangerous as to the patrician party whom he despises. Like Sir Walter Raleigh in his "History of the World," Mommsen indulges in the, to our thinking, pleasing habit of comparing the past with the present. For instance, he compares Caesar with Cromwell—a not altogether felicitous choice—Cato with Don Quixote, and in one passage daringly likens the Syrian flute-players of Imperial Rome to *cocottes parisiennes*.

But the literary charm of Mommsen's history—his style is clear and pleasant—is no cloak to unscientific methods. He is completely master of his subject: his knowledge of ethnology, of comparative philology, of the whole history of antiquity, his power of graphic description of both national and individual character and of vigorous narration, make his history of the Roman Republic *facile princeps* among the works of the kind produced in modern times.

Of his interesting personality we have no space to write. He had enormous influence on young people, his absent-mindedness, though it led to at times, quaint errors was an endearing trait, and his striking figure, his extraordinarily bright eyes, his intellectual countenance, surrounded by silvery locks, will be greatly missed, not only by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance, but by the casual passer-by in the streets of Berlin.

The "Book Monthly," an excellent number, gives us a pleasant story of Mr. John Morley. To a friend who asked him whether he had not felt relieved on finishing the "Life of Mr. Gladstone," he answered "Yes, I am very thankful—and very lonely." An echo almost of Gibbon's feeling after the completion of the *Decline and Fall*.

BOOKSELLERS' Catalogues Received:—The Goodspeed Bookshop, Boston, U.S.A. (*General and Autographs*); Messrs. Melvern Brothers, Inverness (*History, Topography, &c. Scotland*); Mr. Francis Edwards, High Street, Marylebone (*General*); Mr. Thomas Thorne, Newcastle-upon-Tyne (*General*); Mr. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford (*Political Economy and General*); Messrs. Maggs Brothers, Strand (*General and MSS.*).

Dramatic Notes

THREE various revolutionary movements in dramatic matters at home and abroad are curious phenomena of the unrest of these our own times. A large section of thinking men and women complain, not without some cause, that the drama of the day is out of touch with life, that it deals with forms and conventions, and that the stage no longer holds up the mirror to nature. It is a question whether the theatre ever did so hold up the mirror; it has always reflected the manners and moral tone of society, sometimes of the people at large. But the theatre has always been and will always be primarily a form of entertainment, dealing as a rule with but one of the many matters that go to make up life, the love of man for woman. The revolutionaries deny that love is all in all and ask of dramatic authors that they should deal with some of the other interests of humanity.

No one will deny that there is much to be said for their plea. But, so far, rebellious authors have not really strayed very far from the beaten track, playing only variations on the old theme of sexual love, choosing however subjects for treatment which did not lend themselves to public discussion and which not seldom are thoroughly undramatic. The essential of a theme for a play is that it be dramatic, that is to say, that when a play is acted it must hold the attention and excite the interest of the spectators. The characters in the play must be human and their actions, their fortunes and misfortunes, their hopes and their disappointments, must come home to our hearts. Novelists do not so closely restrict themselves to love motives, though even they are seldom hardy enough to leave love altogether on one side.

If the drama is to become real, dramatists must look around on life itself, no longer contenting themselves with painting old pictures with new colours and slightly different groupings of the figures. Surely life offers a sufficient variety of subjects; the life of the poor, crimes of all characters, the world of business, the relations of parents and children, politics, and so on. To take the highest example, Shakespeare, a practical playwright whose livelihood depended on the favour of the playgoers, did not find a love interest essential, as for example, "Macbeth" and "King Lear." The modern dramatist seems to look around for a new form of the old, old story, following blindly in the footsteps of Dumas, who asked for three people and a passion. The passion of love is not the only dramatic interest in life, and when our play-writers realise this fact there will be a healthier outlook for the future of the serious drama.

LOOKING down the theatrical advertisements of the leading theatres in the daily paper I find that there are twenty-two theatres open, the performances being—

Shakespeare	-	-	2
More or less serious drama	-	-	5
Melodrama [and farce]	-	-	1
Comedies	-	-	5
Musical pieces	-	-	9

Taking into account the quality of some of the dramas and comedies it seems clear that the taste of the town is all for the lightest of dramatic fare. The question that occurs is—is the serious fare bad and therefore unacceptable, or is serious fare, however good, not in demand? Who can answer until a serious play of living interest and of good workmanship is offered to the public and rejected

of them? Mr. Pinero's "Letty" is not light pabulum, yet the public swallows it eagerly; whether it is true to life is another matter.

It is curious in this connection to note that among savage nations the drama—such as it is—more often deals with the serious issues of life than it does among civilised races. War and religion, as well as love, are its subjects, and strangely, in mediæval times in Europe the theatre existed almost entirely as a means of moral and religious education and edification.

SOME interesting productions and revivals are promised for the late autumn, Mrs. Craigie's "The Flute of Pan," with Miss Olga Nethersole, some Shakespeare productions by Mr. Lewis Waller at the Imperial, "The Way of the World," by the Mermaid Society at the Court, a play by Lady Troubridge, "The Beautiful Mrs. Oakleigh," and a revival of "The Professor's Love Story," on December 7 at the St. James's.

LUDWIG FULDA, whose latest play, "Kaltwasser," is to be presented at the German theatre to-night, is known to the English stage by three plays that have been performed in London: "The Lost Paradise," "The Talisman," and "Twin Sisters." He was born at Frankfurt-am-Main, July 15, 1862. He early showed literary tastes and was encouraged by his father, a wealthy coal-merchant, to pursue them. In 1884 Fulda went to live at Munich, where he came under the influence of Paul Heyse. In 1893 he married Fraulein Theumann, an actress of the Deutsche Theater, Berlin. Besides plays, Fulda is the author of poems, prose tales, and an admirable translation of Molière. He is also responsible for the German rendering of Rostand's "Cyrano."

It is difficult to believe that the author of "Heimat," "Das Glück im Winkel," and "Johannisfeuer" is also the author of "Der Sturmgeselle Sokrates," a comedy in four acts. The hero, Hartmeyer, a dentist by profession, is an idealist, a hater of tyranny. He had helped to found in 1848 the Sturmgeselle League, each member of which took the name of some wise man, and now towards the end of the seventies Hartmeyer, otherwise Socrates, clings to the older ideals of liberty and government and despises Bismarck and all his works. But Hartmeyer is drawn with uncertain hand, he is no Don Quixote, no tragic-comic figure, and it is not possible to determine whether the dramatist intends us to sympathise with him or to laugh at him. The idealist may call forth a smile, but he should never raise a laugh. It must be confessed that the climax of the third act jars somewhat if we are meant to take it seriously. The man of '48 declaring that he will live, suffer and die for the ideals of his youth, proceeds to turn his sons out of doors—Fritz, a dentist like himself, because he dared to attend one of the reigning princes' dogs who was suffering from a gumboil, and Reinhold because he had joined a smart *korps* in the University of Berlin where he was a student. This is scarcely the deed of a high-souled patriot. Hartmeyer's views are vague and unconvincing, and so are those of his opponents, who, we suppose, stand for the modern school of thought. Indeed, the only persons in the play that are alive are the innkeeper and the barmaid.

WE may whisper that in Berlin it is somewhat ill-naturedly said that a dog's gumboil, an university student's badge, and a barmaid's bed take the place of character, humour, and life. But the Berlin critics have very naturally

not forgiven Sudermann for the fierce attack he made on them at the end of last year, and we believe that several libel cases are pending.

SUDERMANN, who lives at Charlottenburg, has never courted what we may call personal publicity, and is little known except by his work beyond a small circle of friends and admirers. To them he occasionally reads, and always with admirable elocutionary effect, his productions while they are as yet unpublished. He is married to a highly-gifted woman, herself an authoress in a modest way. He is a handsome man, his dark melancholy face lighting up with an expressive smile when he speaks. His manner is absolutely unaffected, and his whole personality most attractive. Although he has travelled much and lived in many and various cities, he clings closely to his native East Prussia. The monotonous meadow-flats and corn-fields, the meagre pine-woods and dark, lonely pools of the district in which he spent his boyhood, form the background of most of his novels and plays. Matziken, the village where he was born in 1857, is certainly the scene of "Der Sturmgeselle Sokrates," and the magistrate, the schoolmaster, the grocer, the Jewish rabbi, the tax collector, who constitute the chief persons of the drama, are types of its inhabitants. Germany is so vast a country compared with England, and the differences of north and south, east and west are so great, that in judging a German novel or play we must never forget to take into account the writer's birth-place. Hauptmann cannot be considered apart from Silesia, Frenssen from Schleswig-Holstein, Clara Viebig from Westphalia, Max Halbe from West Prussia, Spielhagen from Pomerania, Hermine Villinger from the Black Forest. Such localisation is to be found, of course, in our own literature, but it is only of late years, comparatively, that our novelists have begun to realise its value—our playwrights steadily disregard it—whereas it has always been one of the characteristic features of German fiction and drama.

Musical Notes

THE first of the new Richters might well have been better attended—more especially seeing that it was also the first of the Berlioz Centenary concerts. It is indeed hard to say what London concert goers are coming to nowadays. Go to whatsoever concert you choose and the tale is the same. But Richter will doubtless once again draw about him all his old admirers in time. Meanwhile his hand has assuredly not lost its cunning during his sojourn in the North. Berlioz is not perhaps one of those composers with whom Richter is most in sympathy. But if it is not ideal Berlioz playing which he produces it is something in its own way hardly less remarkable. When he began the Hungarian March, for instance, it seemed that such a deliberate tempo must fail of its effect. One might have known, however, that Richter was well aware what he was doing, and in the end a climax of terrific power resulted. In the "Harold in Italy" symphony again, one lacked perhaps some of those gossamer effects which Lamoureux, say, knew how to get from his French players; but *en revanche* there was a suggestion of solidity and worth about the work as Richter read it which amply made up for this. It is indeed the highest merit of Richter's Berlioz playing that almost he persuades one that Berlioz was a great composer.

MISS DOROTHY BRIDSON, the newest Sevcik *débutante* (though Sevcik was of course only one of several distinguished teachers who contributed to her training), is not a second Marie Hall, although undoubtedly a player of much

ability and promise. Her first appearance in London was quite successful. In concertos by Spohr and Saint-Saëns she showed herself possessed of musical intelligence and feeling, while the usual Paganini pyrotechnics served to prove her power to play music requiring neither of those attributes. But with further study she will probably play both sorts better. Her playing at present lacks spontaneity and *abandon*, likewise that individual note which arrests attention at the outset and holds it to the end. But these things will all come in time. Miss Bridson, whose father will be remembered by many as an excellent baritone, possesses one inestimable advantage. She has youth on her side.

MR. ARTHUR HERVEY, whose tone poems, "On the Heights" and "On the March," made such an excellent impression on their hearers at the symphony concert last Saturday, is one of the few composer-critics on the London musical press. In private life the most amiable of men, he gives the world the benefit of his critical opinions through the columns of the "Morning Post." Another critic who similarly discharges a divided duty is Mr. Lionel Monckton, of "The Daily Telegraph," whose fame as one of the most popular Gaiety composers is known unto men. In France, of course, the same thing is much more common. M. Alfred Bruneau is only one of many esteemed composers as well known by their critical writings as by their music: the late M. Joncières, who wrote so brilliantly in the Paris "Liberté," was a second, while Saint-Saëns is another busy musical littérateur whose name might be cited appropriately enough in this connection. If it comes, however, to composers who, without being actually musical critics, have written on musical matters, few have done more solid work in this way than Sir Hubert Parry. By his "Studies of Great Composers," "The Art of Music," and above all the masterly volume dealing with the music of the seventeenth century, which he contributed to the "Oxford History of Music," Sir Hubert Parry has won an assured position for himself in the ranks of musical authors. Otherwise the number of eminent composers who have wielded the author's pen to any particular effect has not been very great. Wagner, Berlioz, and Schumann, to whom might perhaps be added Mendelssohn and Liszt, pretty well complete the list.

"HARMONY: ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE," by Ebenezer Prout (Augener & Co.), is a new edition, the sixteenth, of a work which has long since become a classic. That sixteen editions of such a work should be demanded in twelve years speaks indeed for itself, and most men would have been well content to let the matter rest there. It is, however, wholly characteristic of Dr. Prout's conscientious methods that he has deemed it necessary to revise and re-write his earlier work so as to have made it in its latest form almost a new book. Considerably more than half the text is stated to be additional matter, while important modifications in substance as well as form have been rendered necessary by the author's virtual abandonment of the harmonic series as the basis on which his system is founded. His own words on this point are worth quoting:—

Further investigation and thought have convinced the author that the practical objections to the derivation of the higher discords—the ninths, elevenths, and thirteenths—from the natural series of upper partials were far greater than he had realised in first writing the volume. . . . The modern key, whether major or minor, is so largely the result of aesthetic rather than of scientific consideration that it is far better for the student that it should be dealt with from the former view.

Whatever views may be entertained on the theoretical questions involved, Dr. Prout is obviously deserving of the

utmost respect for the courage and frankness with which he has acknowledged his change of opinions—a change which has, of course, involved a very extensive re-arrangement of the contents of his work. At the same time, from the practical point of view, the matter at issue is really one of very slight importance, and in its new form as in its old, Dr. Prout's work may be safely commended to students and all others as one of the very best volumes of its kind extant. A particular merit of Dr. Prout's work is its never failing lucidity, while, by taking absolutely nothing for granted, Dr. Prout has managed to get within its covers practically everything which is needful to a perfect understanding of the whole vast subject of which it treats.

"SAMUEL PEPYS—Lover of Musique" by Sir Frederick Bridge (Smith, Elder) is a readable little volume which brings together all that is known concerning the very musical attainments of the immortal old gossip. All Pepys's readers are aware, of course, how constantly he refers to matters musical, but few, perhaps, have realised what considerable knowledge of the subject was his. Somehow one never thinks of these old-fashioned music lovers as possessed of the keenness and learning by which amateurs of our own day are so frequently distinguished. The quaint phraseology, together with the simplicity and *naïveté* of the thoughts expressed makes it peculiarly difficult to do this in the case of Pepys. None the less, taking all his references to the art which are brought together in this volume, it is quite clear that he was not less well-informed than he was enthusiastic concerning it. His enthusiasm, indeed, was not to be questioned. "Musique," as he put it in his diary, "is the thing of the world that I love most"; and he showed his affection in every possible way. Among other things he seems to have made a point of making acquaintance with all the more prominent professional musicians of his day and some of the most interesting pages of the present volume are those dealing with his encounters with his contemporaries.

SIR F. BRIDGE recalls in this connection the famous "Italian" song which Lawes wrote with the object of ridiculing the then prevailing and wholly uncritical admiration for all things foreign—the music being charming, but the words nothing more or less than an index to a collection of Italian songs, together with the headings as to their character, the result when translated taking this delicious form:—

In that frozen heart,	May not the unhappy one
For one voice.	believe,
My lady weeps,	Alas! with former lights.
If your eyes,	What anguish from the pallid
For two voices.	lip.
Oh ever when thou seek'st to	Thus my life,
save me,	For three voices.
I fight and scorn.	

No doubt those who had admired this delightful production as a gem of Italian lyricism felt duly mortified when the explanation appeared. Pelham Humfrey, the teacher of Purcell, is another notable musician of those days who figures in Pepys's pages as a "swaggering young handsome gentleman," although "without question he is a good musician." Purcell unfortunately was but eleven years of age when Pepys's diary closed, though there is good reason to believe that Pepys made his acquaintance, while it is equally certain that he came in due course to appreciate his music. Sir F. Bridge has produced a very readable little volume.

THAT brilliant and suggestive writer, Mr. Ernest Newman, has been discussing in our bi-lingual contemporary, the "Weekly Critical Review," the relationship

between the composers and the poets. He admits that the analogy must not be pushed too far. At the same time, "some music, like Wagner's and Beethoven's and Bach's and Hugo Wolf's seems to speak to us of a brain square-posed towards the essential facts of men and things. . . . These men give us in their music just the same mental world as we get in the poetry of Shakespeare, of Goethe, of Milton, of Wordsworth—the same sense of a mind attuned to catch and respond to the deeper vibrations of life. . . . We put them in the same category with the poets who have the philosophical brain as well as the artistic nerve."

"The difference between the poet's and the composer's methods is not so great," Mr. Newman proceeds, "as appears at first sight. Even in the poet's work the thing that moves us, that causes us to dub him philosopher as well as artist, is after all not the actual thought he offers, but the unanalysable thrill that comes, by means that are also unanalysable, whenever he touches the springs of profound feeling within us, whenever he probes through the merely superficial network of sensations and ideas and thrusts into the deeper plexus that underlies them. . . . The vagueness of the musician's message cease to be a reproach when we realise that the poet also in his greatest moments stirs us just as vaguely, just as obscurely, with just the same sensation of incomprehensible depths being troubled."

"Just as vaguely, just as obscurely" is going rather far perhaps. The thrill of—

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep,

is surely more easily explained than that of, say, the famous horn passage in the trio of the "Eroica," or the "Trauermarsch," or the C sharp minor fugue in the first set of the "Forty-Eight."

BUT even so there is a good deal to be said in favour of the conclusion that in each instance, from the musician as from the poet, one gets the impression in such cases as those named of greatness and profundity as well as of mere sensuous beauty. In a more superficial sense, too, what music lover has not traced analogies before now between individual composers and particular poets. Bach, for instance, seems obviously to pair off with Milton, Beethoven with Shakespeare, Schubert with Shelley, and so on; while coming nearer to our own day one may find in Mendelssohn the plainest counterpart to Tennyson, in Brahms a musical Browning, and in Richard Strauss with his wondrous technique and feats of virtuosity we may perhaps see Mr. Rudyard Kipling's analogue.

New Music

THE songs of Schubert and Schumann are among the latest volumes issued by Messrs. Ascherberg & Co., and for the excellence of their editing and get up, as well as the moderate price at which they are issued, they may be heartily commended. Mr. Anton Rückauf as editor of the volumes has done his work with skill and taste, adding with good judgment many marks of expression, but properly enough employing smaller type to distinguish these from the signs of the originals, while admirable English texts have been supplied in the case of each volume by Mr. Percy Pinkerton. In the Schubert volume many of the keys have also been transposed with a view to adapting the songs for a mezzo-soprano or baritone voice—a procedure which, though not entirely free from objection, may be justified, doubtless, on the score that such deathless creations cannot be made too widely accessible.

Art Notes

THE Paris Autumn Salon, which has been awaited with great interest by the art world, opened its doors to the public on Saturday last in the "Petit Palais." One of the disappointments of the exhibition is the lack of response to invitations for examples of decorative art, there being only forty numbers in this section, as against over 900 others, although it is hard to understand why any large display of this particular branch of art should have been expected so early in the life of this new departure in exhibitions.

THE idea of opening with an evening "vernissage," like other details of the affair, was novel, but wise, since the authorities could be induced to permit the use of the basement only, which means that, except at night, there was of necessity that most trying of all light—mixed arc lamps and day light. To the modish French woman this is as trying, personally, as to the poor artist who fancies his best effects ruined by such adverse conditions.

THIS Salon is composed, for the most part, of pictures by painters who consider themselves "independent," and who may or may not belong to that class of good colourists and bad draughtsmen which seeks success by short cuts, as it were, refusing to fight the way forward through approved conventional paths to technical success. However that may be, Paris has accepted its new toy with characteristic enthusiasm, and it is generally conceded by the serious that the new school may be relied upon to afford a preliminary testing ground to aspirants for honours in the older salons.

AS both hanging and grouping have been haphazard, so is most of the work—the great majority of the pictures accepted being more like first sketches, sent in by young artists with a view, if successful, to doing something serious another year. This is borne out by the fact that many who succeeded in finding space at the first exhibition of the "Independents" appear this year represented by work far less "independent," in the irritating sense of the word, than formerly. Which means that they have refrained from the riot of colour in which they first worked. Still, many of the most pleasing figures will not bear critical inspection, owing to bad drawing. The brilliancy aimed at as almost the *raison d'être* of the exhibition, is generally acknowledged, and the charge of pot-boiling is made in all good nature, the critics admitting that many sales are assured.

OF all the criticisms, none is more instructive and amusing than that of Monsieur Pierre Veber, who gives the "Herald" (Paris) a fascinating mixture of delighted approbation and witty disapproval. Speaking of the really excellent work of Mlle. Dufau, Monsieur Veber does full justice to her freshness and sincerity, her flesh-tints, and the harmony of her composition, but then accuses her of being perilously near to that "rose des dames peintres arrivées," and one can fancy the rage of a certain school at the innocent remark: "Bougeritis resembles paralysis; it attacks the extremities first. Mlle. Duffau lathers."

THE French critics are quite unanimous in giving credit to the English artists at this exhibition, special mention having been made of Mr. Kunfy and Mr. Gerard Kelly as being worthy followers of Whistler, and to Mr. Wilder as being the best pupil of Manfrà. This last is high praise,

considering how long Mr. Wilder remained at Julien's without particular distinction.

MR. RUPERT W. BUNNY exhibits two portraits of women, one in particular suggesting rare possibilities in portraiture. His decorative work is harmonious in colour, but rather too pretentious. Two small pictures by Mr. Richard Rauft have elicited interest, and Mr. A. D. Gilhom earns praise for his landscapes. Mr. Alexander, who has not been exhibiting much lately, is pleasing in the portrait of a lady, but seems to have fallen off in his handling of colour.

THE annual exhibition of work of the "Royal Female School of Art" is now open in Queen Square. The King's gold medal for still life competition has been awarded to Miss E. R. Fazan for a fine rendering in water-colour of a brass bowl filled with gorse. The Gilchrist Scholarship of £50 a year is divided between Miss Annie Seaton for the first and Miss Jessie Farrow for the second year. The department of design, presided over by Miss Welby and Miss Wyatt, shows some very creditable work, among which is Miss Rosamond Watson's "Crown Lilly," which secured the Queen Victoria Medal for 1902.

THE winter exhibition of oil paintings by artists of the British and foreign schools at McLean's Gallery, in the Haymarket, while hardly distinguished, is decidedly interesting. For one thing, the engravings, which must be passed before the exhibition proper is reached, are so tempting that the visitor is likely to linger among them. The clou of the collection, the picture which rivets the attention and constantly draws one away from the rest, is Eugene Isabey's "Market Place at Rouen," a work broad in treatment, rich in colour, and masterly in composition. The reds and blues mark a fine study in contrasts, all working up to a most exquisite arrangement of soft blues in the centre. The work was painted in 1853, and is reminiscent of the artist's father.

"A STANDARD BEARER OF THE NETHERLANDS," by F. Roybet, I seem to remember as having been for a long time in the Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris, and can only attribute to the unpleasant face of the model the fact of the picture having remained out of a permanent home in some private collection.

THE "Brittany Interior" of Léon L'Hermitte, reminds one of this artist's many wonderful charcoal productions, which, Rembrandtesque in character, have earned him a place in the Luxembourg, and the reputation of being one of the first artists of his class of the nineteenth century. But, perfect draughtsman as he is, he has the defects of his qualities, so that when he leaves his natural medium, charcoal, and uses paint, he is led by his draftsmanship to so accentuate unessential details that his balance is spoiled and his central effect ruined.

BOUGEREAU's "La Gitana" is from a familiar model of his, and being done in 1867, shows the faulty drawing of that period of his work. Still, it is a Bougereau, and to people who like that sort of thing will be interesting.

FORTY-FIVE years' work is represented in Sir Edward J. Poynter's collection of water-colour drawings and chalk studies now occupying two rooms of the Fine Art Societies

Galleries. Lovers of Sir Edward's work are always sure of finding the same painstaking care, the same serious, loving attention to detail, which marks this artist as of another school than that of to-day, and while many people see no beauty in anything which shows the craftsmanship of this class of picture, there will always remain that very respectable section of the community which wants its works of art, whether on canvas or in bronze or marble or wood, complete—finished to the last, and least, detail. Thus—the portrait of Lady Poynter, with a background whose every accessory is in itself a picture, finds a host of admirers who could never really enjoy an impression which, no matter how fine a character study, nor how rich in colour, still lacked finish in the folds of a dress, in the pattern of some lace, or in the finish of the background. Elaboration in this portrait is carried to the greatest extreme, even the ornaments on a cabinet being such exact reproductions as to constitute in themselves separate studies in still life. "The Fountain in the Wood" exemplifies in his truest vein the artist's feeling for tender, sylvan beauties; the shaded path, leading upwards through summer foliage to sunshine beyond, carrying with it, somehow, a note of hope. All is the perfection of drawing, almost the faithfulness of the camera, without the hardness and the queer photographic tricks with values, and with the knowledge which makes Sir Edward Poynter an artist even in a day when his type of work is generally considered old-fashioned.

FEATURES which will attract general interest at the New Gallery exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters include Rodin's splendid bronze of the late William E. Henley, Millais's portrait of the late Lord Salisbury, a representative group of Mr. Orchardson's work, and examples of Whistler and Mr. Watts and Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. The list offers attractions hardly to be resisted by the regular company of visitors to good picture shows, and there is such a decided diversity of method and temperament as to afford every opportunity for comparison by contrast.

MR. C. J. LAUDER has on view a small collection of water-colours of Venice at Mr. Silva White's gallery. There is evident in all of his work a vigour and dash which indicate certainty of touch and rapid execution. The themes, such as "The Front of San Marco," "The Grand Canal," "The Doge's Palace," and "The Lagoons," are almost hackneyed, but in this case have been made interesting by style and by colour effects.

AT the Woodbury Gallery, Mr. Aubrey Waterfield has some charming water-colour drawings of British and continental scenery. Mr. Waterfield, for his effects, has relied upon striking colour arrangements, giving thereby more value to composition than to mere delineation of any particular scene or place. The result is rare and delicate impression, backed by apparent confidence and by a very sincere idea of expressing just what he himself sees.

AT the Bruton Gallery is an exhibition of oil paintings, water-colour drawings and pastels, by Mr. Fred Stratton, a young Sussex artist. Mr. Stratton is a sensitive colourist who knows how to draw. "After Milking," one of several excellent cattle pieces, suggests the beauty of a hazy autumn morning, while in "Twilight" he has given his cottages and grassy slopes an atmosphere of the calm of coming night. Other work indicates that Mr. Stratton can also draw the figure.

MR. EVELYN WRENCH's exhibition of picture post-cards at the Grafton Galleries is attracting an astonishing amount of attention, considering that the venture is purely commercial. But in this day it is rarely that one finds a person wholly uninterested in this fad and Mr. Wrenche is at the head of his class. In addition to his youth and personality, both factors in his success, he has had the judgment to secure work from the best known and most popular illustrators of the day and has spared no pains to make his share of the task, the reproduction, the best and most progressive obtainable. It may not be art in its narrow sense, but since it gives numberless people, scattered over the whole earth, an opportunity to see something of what is newest and brightest, it may, broadly speaking, have its place in the galleries.

"THE KING OF KINGS," by Mary Vivian Hughes and Ursula Wood (A. R. Mowbray & Co., Ltd., price 5s. net), is evidently intended as a Christmas gift. The book is large and heavy, contains an illuminated text taken from the Psalms, St. Luke, St. Mark, Coleridge, Shakespeare, Milton, George Herbert, the Rossettis and others, and is illustrated by "adaptations" from the old masters. It is too good, as a mere book, for children, and too bad, for the same reason, for mature minds. The perversion of the pictures is really painful.

"Nelson and the Neapolitan Jacobins"

M R. H. C. GUTTERIDGE, M.A., has edited for the Navy Records Society an important work entitled "Nelson and the Neapolitan Jacobins," which is likely to arouse widespread interest among historical students.

This volume deals with the only serious imputations which have ever been made against Nelson in his official capacity toward the Republicans at Naples in 1799. A large quantity of evidence bearing on this point has been accumulated during the course of the last 100 years, and Mr. Gutteridge has in this book brought it together and arranged it in such a form as to enable English readers to form their own judgment on the question at issue. There are nearly 200 documents in all, and *many of these are new*. Among them are *forty new letters from Nelson to Sir John Acton and the King of Naples*, which were unearthed by Mr. Gutteridge in the Neapolitan Archives, and are now published for the first time. Perhaps the most important series from the historian's point of view consists, however, of the correspondence between Sir William Hamilton and Sir John Acton in June 1799. The publication of these letters will remove many difficulties which have hitherto impeded the elucidation of this mysterious episode. In the case of many other documents reprints of a more or less unsatisfactory nature have been collated with the original MSS.

The volume is prefaced with an introduction in which the events leading up to Nelson's intervention and the revolution of 1799 are discussed, and the evidence both in support of the indictment against him and for the defence is critically examined.

The conclusion to which the Editor comes after summing up is that much of the evidence against Nelson is unreliable and that even if it be accepted, the verdict must be one of not proven. Nelson has, as Mr. Gutteridge points out, been convicted by foreign historians without a fair trial, and his good name has been besmirched on the authority of what was largely current gossip or partizan invective.

In the Magazines

AMONG the articles in recent magazines, likely to interest readers of THE ACADEMY, we may note GOOD WORDS, "Boswell's 'Johnson,'" by G. K. Chesterton; THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, "'Hiawatha' Dramatised by the Ojibways," by Arthur Converse, "The Mounting of the Stuart Masques," by W. J. Lawrence, "Sir Leslie Stephen," by Edmund Gosse, "John Oliver Hobbes," by David Christie Murray, "George Gissing," by W. L. Courtney; BLACKWOOD'S, "Mr. Gladstone," "Thackeray and His Critics"; CONTEMPORARY, "Mr. Morley's 'Life of Gladstone,'" by Augustine Birrell, "Studies in Literary Psychology, I. The Syntax of De Quincy," by Vernon Lee; THE MONTHLY REVIEW, "Lord Beaconsfield's Novels," by the Earl of Iddesleigh; NATIONAL REVIEW, "Some Early Impressions—Journalism," by Sir Leslie Stephen; INDEPENDENT REVIEW, "The Eccentric Author of 'Sandford and Merton,'" by John Fyvie, "Mr. Morley's 'Gladstone,'" by G. W. E. Russell; THE WORLD'S WORK, "Gladstone the Worker," "The Story of Irish Lace," by E. Leahy; WESTMINSTER REVIEW, "William Watson," by P. L. G. Webb.

Correspondence

Living Descendants of the Royal Stuarts in the Male Line

SIR,—Mr. Earl Hodgson need not doubt that there exist, in very great numbers, "living descendants of the Royal Stuarts in the male line." The kings were, extensively, the fathers of their people, as any peerage shows. Who, for example, are the Scotts of Buccleuch? Descendants of the younger brother of James de la Cloche.—Yours, &c.,

A. LANG.

Present Day Fiction.

SIR,—"A New Writer" in your issue of to-day is surely a little hard on the poor publishers. Why should these janitors of the temple of literature be expected to submit to the vulgar scrutiny of readers for the press the delphic obscurities of diction, false rimes, wrongful accents, and original punctuation of popular idols—beings who are, of course, a law unto themselves?

Were careful composition generally encouraged by our publishers, so that each succeeding generation did not have to reject as trash the bulk of the works that its immediate predecessors doted on, the book-stores might in time become so laden with undying prose and immortal verse as to leave no room for even the best productions of the new writers.—Yours, &c.,

The Hermitage, Sutton,

October 31, 1903.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

The British Empire Shakespeare Society

SIR,—I was very pleased to see an announcement of the next two readings of the Society in last week's ACADEMY, and I would be glad if you could find room in your issue of next week to mention the objects of the Society, which are as follows:—

1. To promote greater familiarity with Shakespeare's works among all classes throughout the British Empire.
2. To help the rising generation not only to study Shakespeare's works, but to love them.
3. To form Shakespeare Clubs and Reading Societies (or help those already existing) in London, in the provinces, and in the colonies.
4. To encourage the study of Shakespeare by prizes given yearly for the best reading, recitation, acted scene from his plays, or essay on Shakespeare by members of the Society.

With reference to the reading of "Othello" in December, in which Miss Ellen Terry has kindly promised to read Desdemona, I wish to point out that owing to the demand for seats it has been found necessary to give the reading in the large hall of the Bishopsgate Institute; the exact date and hour will be announced in due course.

I will be very pleased to supply particulars about the Society to any person interested in our work. Applications for seats, and all communications, should be sent to undernoted address.—Yours, &c.,
17, Southwell Gardens, S.W.

November 3, 1902.

GRETA MORRITT.

Cripplegate Church and Milton

SIR.—May we ask your valuable help in bringing before the notice of your readers the fund which has been opened for subscriptions to restore the north wall of Cripplegate Church, and to acquire a site on which to erect a promised statue of Milton?

The total cost is estimated at £3,500, and towards this the sum of £2,000 has been subscribed locally, as appears by the first list of subscriptions enclosed with this.

It is to obtain the remaining £1,500 necessary to complete the project (particulars and drawings of which are enclosed) that we venture to appeal to all who are interested in the historical associations of one of our most famous City churches, or who desire to help in doing honour to the memory of the author of "Paradise Lost."

Subscriptions may be sent to any of the undersigned at the Cripplegate Institute, Golden Lane, Cripplegate.—Yours, &c.,

ALBERT BARFF, M.A., Vicar of Cripplegate.
J. A. CAVE, } Churchwardens.
H. VIALOU, C.C.,
J. J. BADDELEY, Deputy.
JAMES LAKE, C.C.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 43, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. It will be helpful if the envelope be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions

LITERATURE

"HE IS UNREASONABLE, as are all those who expect more from life and the world than life and the world have to give."—In Morley's "Gladstone," vol. 2, p. 370, you will find these words. In one of Jowett's early essays accompanying his edition of the *Colossians, Thessalonians and Ephesians*—I think those are the epistles, because they deal largely with moral graces—the similar assertion is made of St. Paul in almost the same words. I cannot say chapter and verse for the essay, but I know it is there, because my attention was called to it by an undergraduate when I was an undergraduate, between 1863 and 1868. Mr. Morley, I think it is clear, knew he was citing a famous dictum, and could have named Jowett and St. Paul. I should call it an instance of the legitimate allusive style, in a book written for the educated. It is a difficulty with me, in your interesting A. Q. A. page, that I wish to ask a question, and at the same time to give my approximate or almost certain answer. But you do not want essays. However, take one instance. "And that two-handed engine at the door Stand ready to smite once and smite no more."—*Lycidus*. I asked Mr. Alfred (or is it Arthur? Arthur, I think) Slidgwick, the famous Cambridge-Oxford don and lecturer on Milton, as he descended from the platform, what those lines meant; he said "Nobody knows." Now, I felt certain I knew then, though I said nothing, and feel so now. They are a magnificent periphrasis for Death. In Caroline times the axe of the executioner was two-handed, the victim emerged from a door, the executioner stood back against the wall close to the door trying to hide himself at first, and it was supposed that one blow was enough.—C. S. Oakley.

SHELLEY.—What is the exact inscription over the door of the house at Great Marlow, where Shelley lived, and where he was visited by Byron?—F. B. S.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

"To the rhyme of old Time
Doth my ditty run."—F. B. D.

WILL any one please tell me where I can find the following phrase:—"The men who live in yellow pens"? The reference is, of course, to the men of the Navy. I believe it was in a book of naval verse published three or four years ago.—Borker.

"A bolt from the blue."—A. C.

ART

FRANS HALS.—In what gallery is his "Reading Boy"? Is a reproduction in photogravure obtainable?—F. T.

GENERAL

SEMITIC LANGUAGES are read from right to left, when and why was the change made to reading from left to right?—M. V. C.

"DEAD AS QUEEN ANNE" or "Queen Anne is dead."—Which of these is the true form? And what is the origin of the phrase? Who is the "Anne"? (not *as* Queen Anne, probably)—M. A.

ALDUS, &c.—In a little collection of books from the press of Aldus I have a very fine copy of "Petri Aleynii Medicis Legatus de Exsilio." Has this ever been reprinted since it was reprinted by Burchard Menckenius in the "Analecta de Calamitate Literatorum, Lipsiae," 1707, 12mo. Has this Analecta been seen in any sale room in recent years?—I have also a *Cicero* from the Aldus Press not mentioned by Roulland in his *Imprimaria des Aldes*; it is of the year 1550. Has any copy of this been noticed in recent years?—Has the little Aldus work "Poesie Volgari de Lorenzo Medici" of the year 1550 been reprinted?—Have any copies been known in the library sales of recent years of an Aldus of 1558, called "Pauli Aeginetae Medicus Optimi"? I have a very nice copy (small folio) of this, the *editio princeps*, and have never heard of another.—Can any one give me information as to a book I have, described by my grandfather I see as, "Liber Pretiosissimus." I can find no account of it in any reference work. It is described on the title page "De Regibus Sicilie et Apuliae," &c.; "nunc primum in lucem edita" &c.; "item, Parallelia Alfonisina," &c.; "quibus accidunt Bartholomei Facili Gen Venus," &c.; "Ex bibliotheca Marq. Freheri, Hanoviae, typis Wechelianis, apud Heredes Ioannis Aubri, 1611." In a book, a small thick quarto, called "Prose e Memorie del Gelati; e vari conponimem," (containing several very charming engravings), and printed at Bologna in 1671, there is printed on the title-page "Col. S. Andreas Poenit Bon." Does this allude to a collection of books, and what is this word "Poenit"?—K. M.

GEORGE MEREDITH.—Is a Boston book called "The Pilgrims' Scrip" obtainable in England? If not, why not?—R. & V. P.

SPENSER.—I picked up, some time ago, in a second-hand book shop, a rather dilapidated copy of the works of Edmund Spenser, with a selection of notes from various commentators, and a glossarial index, to which is prefixed some account of the life of Spenser by the Rev. Henry John Todd, M.A., Archdeacon of Cleveland; London, Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1866-67. With a dedication to Alfred Tennyson, Esq. This edition of the works of Spenser is inscribed by The Publisher, May, 1849. And I found on one of the "pages de garde" the following dedication: "To Etienne Benoit, with kindest regards of Leigh Hunt." The hand is very much like Leigh Hunt's handwriting, such as I saw it many times in the British Museum. I should like to know if any of your readers could identify this Etienne Benoit? And tell me in what way he was acquainted with Leigh Hunt?—H. D. D.

Answers

LITERATURE

CRABBE'S POEMS.—I am unable to say where any translation of Lucan's lines can be found, and am not saying that the following is a good one; but if "Quill" is ingeniously wishing to know Lucan's meaning, it is here. It is a curious petty coincidence that I have used the word "quill" before discovering the pseudonym. I have appended two Virgilian quotations to which Lucan obviously alludes, and one of which (No. 1) justifies, I think, an epithet I have used:—

Even he who blew aloud *Ænean* strains
Through Western lands—whose mighty name remains
Smiting and pulsing round Olympus' head,
And with Rome's rumour challenges the dead,
The old *Moænides*—perchance had stay'd
Inglorius in his own stream-haunted glade,
And piped unheralded on fameless quill;†
Hail no *Moænas* helped him with his bill.
† *Plumina amene sylvasque inglorias.*—*Virg.*

—C. S. Oakley.

MILTON'S "LYCIDAS."—(Q) "Like to that sanguine flower," &c. (A.) The *Hyacinth*. NOTE.—*Hyacinth* was the son of a Spartan king, and was accidentally slain by Apollo. On a *Hyacinth*'s leaves are marks said to be AI, AI (alias) or Y, the Greek initial of *Hyacinth*. (See Milton's "On the Death of a Fair Infant," line 27.) Consult "English Poems by Milton," edited by R. C. Browne, M.A. (Clarendon Press Series).—H. B. O.

MILTON'S "SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE."—(Q) "Now timely, ere the rude bird," &c. (A.) The *Cuckoo*, already mentioned in line 6. NOTE.—Chaucer relates that among lovers the tradition ran that it was of better omen to hear the Nightingale than the *Cuckoo*, and complaints of ill-luck similar to that here laudable by Milton. Consult *Ibid.*—H. B. O.

"THE EPICONIAD."—The author of this poem is William Wilkie, D.D., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews, 1731-72.—A. T.

QUOTATION FOUND.

"LA VIE EST VAINE."—Léon Montenacker is stated by Mr. James Hooper to be the author.—W. H. C.

"LA VIE EST VAINE."—In answer to an inquiry in your issue of Saturday last—the author is Leon Montenacker.—M.

"LA VIE EST VAINE," &c.—The author is Minte-Naiken.—K. M.

In reply to A. T. the lines beginning "La vie est vainc," are from an epigram by the Belgian poet Léon Montenacker. It is entitled "Peu de Coose."—S. C.

THE RELIGION OF ALL SENSIBLE MEN.—It was the Lord Shaftesbury of Charles II's time who, to a lady who inquired as to his religion, answered, "Madam, wise men are but one religion"; and when she further pressed him to tell what that was, "Madam, wise men never tell." (Seccombe and Allen's "Age of Shakespeare," vol. II, p. 123, note).—D. P.

GENERAL

"SO LONG."—I have for some years shared S. B. T.'s opinion that "So long" is a barrack-room corruption of "Salam," the ordinary form of greeting in Northern India—of course well-known to the British soldier. I had always heard the words pronounced as a spondee—"so long"; but one day I heard them as an iambus—"so long," and its probable connection with "salsam" at once flashed upon me.—A. C.

"SO LONG!"—I fear "Salam" will not do as the origin of the phrase, as all who know the East say that the word is never used in farewell. Besides, how could the word have in that way originated in America, as it seems certain it did? I still believe it is from the Dutch, and hope that some Dutchman will tell us.—D. P.

HORSE-SHOE LUCK.—The folk-lore of the horse shoe superstition, and a theory to explain it, will be found in Elworthy's "Horns of Honour."—M. R.

M. B. WAISTCOAT.—A clerical cassock waistcoat was so called (about 1830) when first introduced by the High Church party. M. B. means "mark of the beast."—M. McLean Dohree.

CRACK A BOUTE.—The allusion is to the mischievous pranks of the drunken frolics of times gone by when the boutes and glasses were broken during the bout. Miss Oldbuck says, in reference to the same custom, "We never were glass breakers, Mr. Lovell!"—M. McLean Dohree.

ART

THORWALDSEN.—There is a notice, containing a good deal of biographical fact, and some stern criticism, in a volume of essays by F. T. Palgrave, editor of the "Golden Treasury."—C. S. Oakley.

